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NATURAL ANTIQUITIES.

We all more or less experience the desire of realising the far Past. Few are insensible to the pleasure of seeing distant ages reproduced, either in the books of the antiquary or the pages of the novelist. So earnest and eager is this feeling, that we usually lament that, through neglect and the effects of time, pictures of ancient events, manners, and strains of private and public thinking, are now so imperfectly presented to us. Some may almost be said to pine for an exact reproduction of antique things and doings, never ceasing to deplore that it is unattainable. I remember when, amongst the impossible things which youth will long for, one of the predominant in my own case was, for the power of living even one day in the period of our great civil war. *That, I felt, would have been a joy superior to all which the imagination could conceive.*

Vain the wish, of course. Our knowledge of antiquities, as antiquities are usually considered, must be as accident has determined. But there is a question—Do we assign a comprehensive enough character to archaeology, as the science of antiquities is called? Commonly, when we examine a remote era, we look solely for points in which it differed from our own—as in dress, style of architecture, warlike customs, forms of religion. We catch at a Roman shield as furiously as ever Dacian hewed at it, and probably feel a deeper interest in a point of medieval church faith than the priests could then succeed in impressing on their living auditries. These things alone do we feel to be true antiquities: the external, accidental, and transient—what the caprice, ignorance, clumsiness in expedient, and defectiveness of social power dictated—are exclusively in our regard. But for any such purpose as the resuscitation of an age, as it really was, before our living eyes, it may be said to be equally necessary to keep in view what is constant and indestructible; namely, the human nature itself, and the outward facts of the world with which it is placed in relation. There is, in short, a doctrine of Natural Antiquities which is almost as greatly to the purpose as anything else.

Walking not long ago with one of my own children, and finding him lay hold of me, as is his custom, by the forefinger, the reflection occurred to me, 'how natural is this position!' Little children must have thus walked by their fathers' sides since ever our kind existed. The obvious convenience makes the fact as clear as if we had a register all along telling us once an age, 'Little boys still hold their fathers by the forefinger as they walk together.' Here, then, is a genuine picture of a feature of domestic life of ancient ages brought up to our view at once. So also must parents, in remote ages, have found little ones gathering and clutching about their knees, and climbing up for kisses, as they do now.

Since every parent finds this done now-a-days, and remembers acting in the same way by his parents in his own childhood, we need no historical evidence to prove its antiquity; yet there is a satisfaction in finding that, just as Burns the other day describes the Scottish cottager seated by his fireside at eve, with

'The lisping infant prattling on his knee'—
just as another English poet speaks of the rustic sire, and the young ones that

'climb his knee, the envied kiss to share,'
so does Virgil, half way back to the beginning of history, record as amongst the pleasant circumstances of an Italian cottage pair—

'Interes dulces pendent circum oscula nat.'
['Meanwhile their darling children hang around their kisses.]

In the same beautiful scene, the Mantuan bard introduces 'sanctique patres'—'revered old fathers;' the very same image which Scott gave us, thirty years ago, in the Sandyknowe picture in *Marmion*—

'The thatched mansion's gray-haired sire,
Wise without learning, plain and good.'

We thus are needlessly informed that the hoary grandfather has had his seat at the cottage fireside since ever there was such a thing as a cottage fire. We may see, at this day, under almost every humble roof in Ireland, the very same image of quiet old age which might have been seen in the days of the patriarcha. It is an antiquity unchanging, and never to be changed while our species lasts.

It may be fairly presumed that this principle is always the more true the more nearly we approach the fundamental simplicities of nature. The human being is occasionally capable of being unkind to a parent, but the female is hardly ever so to her offspring, or to the infantine generally. Hence, when we see the down look of the mother upon the babe on her bosom or in her lap, we may be more than usually assured that we behold a touch of nature's grace that was in all time, as far as our species is concerned, and evermore will be. Not more true is this posture and this imitable smile of her who bore her first babe last night, than it is of the very mothers whose blessed lot it was to be the first to exemplify it on our world. Can any common kind of proof be necessary? Oh no. Yet here, too, let us by all means have glimpses of the babe-regarding mothers of different ages. It is not much less, then, than three thousand years since an Ionic Greek, by name Homer, described Andromache taking back her infant from the arms of Hector—

'Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hushed to repose, and with a smile surveyed.'

It was possibly five hundred years still earlier that a Hebrew, describing a woman's conduct towards the offspring of a daughter-in-law whom she loved, said—'Naomi took the child, and laid it in her bosom, and became nurse to it.' Oh, never was the day in man's era when gentle woman did not take mute unthanking, and yet most grateful babyhood upon her bosom, exactly as these old writers describe!

Ancient writers, while chiefly occupied with the accidental and transient, yet occasionally exhibit traits of the natural feelings which show that these have never been changed. A necessitous friend will, at the present day, obtain our assistance once or twice, without any grudge, but if he comes too often, we tire of benefaction. Now, Hesiod, who is ranked as one of the very earliest Greek writers, remarks this circumstance. A farmer in Norfolk or East Lothian would not very readily lend a plough and couple of horses to a neighbour when he had immediate use for them himself. Such, according to old Hesiod, was the feeling of the agriculturists of his day also. The over-fed man is found amongst us to be ill to please, even at the most luxuriously-furnished tables. What is this but the *mala copia* of Horace?

'When the tired glutton labours through the treat,
He'll find no relish in the sweetest meat;
He calls for something bitter, something sour,
And the rich feast concludes extremely poor.'

The vivid power of hope has been sung in charming strains by one of the sweetest of modern bards. We all daily feel that it 'springs eternal in the breast.' Ovid had occasion, sixty generations ago, to describe the same delightful visitant. 'The physician may forsake his patient,' says the poet of Rome, 'but hope remains with him.' It is at this day the support of the fowler and the angler in their sports: so it was when Tibullus thus wrote—

'Hec laqueo vuoleres, hec captat arundine places.'

Every peculiarity of the human constitution is an antiquity. Hippocrates's description of a fever is applicable now; and the light and short sleep of the aged is remarked by Euripides. All that results, too, from natural circumstances and wants is the same in all ages. When we sit under the tonsor, having nothing else to do, we fall into chat. The barber's shop thus becomes a centre of light talk or gossip. Now it was so in the time of Aristophanes just as it is now. A London rogue expresses much of his meaning by winks; 'a naughty person winketh with his eyes,' says Solomon in the Proverbs.

The appearances of external nature may in like manner be said to be a kind of antiquities. The sun came forth in the morning like a bridegroom to the patriarchs, as to us. When we see that magnificent spectacle, our visual sense takes in the very same objects which met the eyes of the earliest men; nay, which were presented before men lived to see them. Spring is described by Virgil in terms which would still exactly apply—

'Nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis partur arbos;
Nunc frondent syrinx, nunc formosissimus annus.'

[And now the fields all teem, and every tree,
Now bloom the groves, now smiles the beauteous year.]

But we know with not less certainty that the same renewal and repair of nature took place, in all its circumstances, at this season, innumerable ages before the Bucolics were written. The budding tree we saw in our garden last April was the type of all such objects throughout the present era of natural arrangements. Though the builder's accounts for the Pyramids were to be found to-morrow, they could not be a more satisfactory piece of archaeology, while in comparison of date they would be as things of yesterday. The meanest flower that blows has the same character. That one, 'sweet, modest, crimson-tipped,' which Burns apostrophised—we see it in the hands of admiring childhood whenever we choose to walk out to a Scotch burn-side. It was the delight of our fathers in their childish days too. William Wallace, six centuries ago, 'pu'd the

gowans fine' at Elderslie, as children would be seen doing there at this very day. It was the same when the Romans came among the Attacotti—the same before man's foot had yet intruded into this island. Keep away from the garden and the hothouse, all nature is but an antiquarian museum; singular only in this, that it has few doubtful readings, and no memoirs of which the purpose is forgotten.

As already hinted, we are only disposed to consider that an object for antiquarianism which brings the men of past ages, and their modes of thinking and acting, before us. We therefore see a tooth of the holoptychus, or a shell of the mountain limestone, and know that it is thousands of thousands of years old, without having any feeling of this kind about it. Yet though natural objects present us with no trace of the handiwork of the ancients, many of them are necessarily liable to be associated with our race. All which we know to have existed of old under the contemplation of men, may well bring the men before our minds. To look on the moon, for example, and reflect that it is the same object which Pompey beheld the night before Pharsalia, does in some measure realise Pompey to us. Walking in a pleasant valley beside a lake, in weather which invites us to sleep in grottos or arbours, and hearing cattle lowing, we may be said to bring Virgil before our eyes, for these things he saw often, and has well described.* It may at the same time be acknowledged that we have a more powerfully appealing kind of natural antiquities in the human dispositions and habits, and all the little circumstances necessarily attending human life.

A child sitting on our knee, or clasping us round the neck—the look of gentle affection from the partner of our home—the whole scenery of the fireside, from the gray-haired sire or venerable grandam to the clambering infant, from the active bustle of the morning to the smiling quiet of the evening—the gestures and looks by which the passions are instinctively demonstrated—the appearances produced on us by cold or heat, by activity and by indolence—these are all natural antiquities of what I may call the first class. Seeing these, it becomes little better than folly to delight in an ancient Egyptian wig, or a picture of an old woman spinning brought from Thebes, for here we have the very fathers of our race, the true *præsca gens mortalium*, brought up before us.

RIVER PERILS.

VARIOUS books have been written upon the perils of the sea, but we are inclined to think that the perils of rivers would form a subject of more universal interest. The sea is known to comparatively few, and indeed a great portion of the people, even of these islands, live and die without having ever seen it. But the river is bound up with the memories, affections, and sympathies of us all. The burn or rivulet, the stream, the torrent, all have the legends of the heart and the imagination; and one-half of the inventions of romance and the dreams of poetry have there either their scene or their source. We may smile at the superstition of the eastern nations, but we all unconsciously deify our own rivers. We take to our hearts the Thames or the Severn, the Shannon, the Forth, or the Clyde. We compare them with the streams of other countries; and although candidly allowing their inferiority in some unimportant respects, such as volume, beauty, or rapidity, as the case may be, we assert with heat their pre-eminence in some other quality—only essential, perhaps, in our own recollections and associations.

This train of ideas has been set in motion by a short passage in a very little book.† It is a description by Mr Miller of a phenomenon which occurs in the Trent.

* At latis otia fundis,
Speluncae, vivique lacus; at frigida Tempe,
Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore sonni,
Non absint.

† The Boy's Summer Book.

'There are not many rivers up which the tide, or *heygre*, as it is called in the country, comes; and those who never before beheld such a sight would be struck with fear and astonishment. Fancy yourself in a boat on a broad, calm river, in a still summer's evening, borne gently along by the current, and scarcely a ripple on the smooth surface of the water, saving what is made by the swallow as it every now and then dips down. Away you go, laughing and chatting, and leaving the boat to its own lazy motion, just gliding along as it likes past the old town, beyond the last wharf, below the white mill; away and away, between winding banks, where willows are ever waving; between sweet meadows, where flocks bleat and herds low; leaving one village on the right hand, and another on the left, and still moving along with kind of dreamy, idle motion, just as the water wills it, just as the boat chooses to drop down; when, hark! hush! what sound is that which comes like the first roaring of a storm through the forest? Although it is yet above a mile off, you hear that low sullen roar, deepening every moment as it draws closer. Louder and louder—nearer and nearer it approaches. Then you hear a distant shout of human voices; sailor calling to sailor, ship answering to ship; onward and onward the alarm is sounded, repeated by the boat above you, as you send downward the cry of "Ware *heygre!*" which is taken up and echoed by every boat upon the river for miles away. Steady, boys! "swape" her head half round, so that her nose shall just plough the high hill of water which is coming down thundering upon us. How awful it looked!—a huge wall of water swelling within twenty feet of us, as if some huge monster, large as the hills, had suddenly risen from the deep river-bed, and that was the swell he made before heaving his gigantic and hideous head above the surface of the river! Fear not, my boys; we pardon your looking a little pale, as this is the first time you have been out on such an adventure. Steady, steady! we shall be upset if you all rush to the opposite side of the boat, and she will be turned bottom upwards in a moment. Be firm; fear not, move not! Hold on by the "thofts" and side as firmly as you like; but, at the peril of your lives, move not! It comes! Bang! dash!—up in the air, and down with a plunge that almost makes us dizzy. Steady, round with her head—and we are off like an arrow from a bow—half-filled with water, it is true, and drenched to the very skin; but ours is a good, strong, deep boat, made for the stormy sea service; and we have an old rusty sauceman at the bottom, ready to bale her out with. So hurrah, my boys! for now we have nothing to fear. What a pace we go! Jove! it is like dashing down the Falls of the Niagara! There never was a vessel in the world went quicker through half a mile of water than we have done. What a grand sight!—was it not? The very trees on the bank seemed to be flying in the air, so rapidly did we dart past them; and as for the houses, every window seemed to dance by in long lines of light!'

While musing on this vivid description, our thoughts are carried to a kindred phenomenon we have often witnessed in the Seine, where the river begins to narrow at Caudebec. The *barre*, as it is there called, is the water of the sea rushing up, mountain-high, as the phrase is, and carrying all before it. A curious circumstance once occurred near Caudebec, showing the tremendous strength of the torrent. There was an island called Belcenne, opposite the town, on which stood a convent celebrated both for the poverty and piety of the monks; and this island, with all its buildings and inhabitants, was engulfed one day by the *barre*, and utterly disappeared. The superstition of the time of course attached a legend to the circumstance, which was described as having happened for no other purpose than to give a salutary lesson to the great feudal lord of the place; but the inventions of men sink into insignificance when compared with the wonders of nature, as you shall hear.

Centuries passed away, and the little island of the Seine was only remembered in tradition. Nay, as manners changed, and old opinions became shaken, some people even doubted whether it ever had any existence at all, except in the legends of the monks; when lo and behold, Belcenne rose suddenly up one day from the bottom of the Seine like an apparition of the past! This was in the year 1641; and the inhabitants of Caudebec could hardly believe their eyes when they saw in the river before them, hardly a stone's-throw from the bank, that traditional island, with its convent walls, which were now not even a memory of the 'oldest inhabitant.' The sequel is thus described by the writer of the present notice in a pictorial description of the beautiful river in question:—"It did not remain long the object of their gaze. The waters of the Seine, as if conscious of the presence or approach of some terrible phenomenon, shuddered visibly. A low moaning sound was heard along the river, and presently a white line appeared in the distance, extending from shore to shore. The noise increased, till it resembled first the bellowing of a herd of wild beasts, and then the roar of a cataract. The white line appeared to be a wave of boiling foam rushing against the stream, and revolving, as it rushed, on its own axis. Sometimes it broke on the prow of a vessel steering down to the sea, and sometimes it lifted her up, and dashed her headlong upon a sandbank, formed at the instant, as if for her destruction. Occasionally it overflowed the terrace-banks of the Seine, sweeping away cattle, huts, and men at one blow; but immediately recalling its forces, it held on its wild career, shouting the louder as it flew, and increasing in magnitude, till it resembled hill of foam. On reaching Quillebeuf, nearly opposite Lillebonne, straitened by the immense sandbanks which there almost choke up the river, its fury seemed to attain its climax. This was only in appearance, however. Carrying everything before it, it continued its deadly force, more calm, but not less fatal, along the narrow stream, till, rolling past Caudebec, and swallowing up the island of Belcenne, with its convent walls, at a mouthful, it appeared to spend its rage, and gradually subside in the distance."

The *barre* occurs every month, with greater or less force, at a certain period of the tide, and not unfrequently does mischief, notwithstanding the regularity of its appearance. The celebrated St Pierre, author of the *Studies of Nature*, when once voyaging up the Seine, was so astonished to see himself pursued by a hill of foam, that he stood up in the boat to gaze at it; and the consequence was, that the leap his vessel gave when she was overtaken by the enemy sent him headlong into the river, and he narrowly escaped being drowned.

We were once in danger not less than that of St Pierre, when crossing the Severn at a considerable distance from the sea. The tide was out, and we had rather extensive sands to cross before reaching the narrow channel of the river near the opposite bank. A man working on the shore warned us that there was danger; and we might the rather have believed him, that we had ourselves heard of carriages, horses, and human beings falling a prey at the same place to the sudden influx of the sea. But we had calculated the time of the tide, and, moreover, had taken it into our wise heads that the man had some concern in the little inn close by, where he doubtless wanted us to remain for the night, as the evening was close at hand. In short, we were stubborn; and, like most stubborn people, had good cause to repent our folly.

For some distance the sand was firm, and we trudged sturdily on; but by degrees it began to slip more and more under our feet. This we knew was a symptom of the returning tide, and we began to think, in some alarm, that we might have made a miscalculation. The man on the shore, however, had given up his work to

* *Wanderings by the Seine.*

gaze after us; and this, instead of determining our return, had the effect of urging us onward till it would have been more dangerous to return than to proceed. The sand, in the meantime, slipped more and more. We could not rest our feet for an instant, without their sinking. Pools of water were formed, as it seemed to us, before our eyes; and several times we were up to the knee in the treacherous and triumphant element. The channel was now at hand—it was gained. But what of that? The ferry-boat was lying alone and empty on the opposite bank. It was obvious that the hour was past when passengers were expected, for no human being was visible near the cottage. We called—we shouted—we screamed; and we could hear faintly in the distance the voice of the man whose warning we had neglected trying to add to the din.

Hitherto we had been comparatively easy, for we had something to do. The toil of pressing on with a determinate landmark before us had filled our mind, and left little room for apprehension; but now that we could advance no farther, that no exertion of ours could bring us one foot nearer the firm land, it was indeed awful to stand, or rather dance, upon these shifting sands, to feel our footing more insecure every instant, and to hear in imagination the roar of the coming tide. We were at length seen from the shore; and the frantic haste of the ferrymen, as they rushed toward their boat, proved, if nothing else had done so, that the moment was critical. But in spite of their haste, we blamed them for their tardiness. Never were hands so useless, or feet so slow! Never did boat creep through the water so drowsily! But at length they were within reach—we were dragged on board—and in a few moments were once more safe on shore! Our alarm had not been without foundation; for in a very few minutes no sand was visible from bank to bank—all was one hissing, bursting, boiling sea.

There are other rivers in England as dangerous as the Severn. We all remember the anecdote related in Dr Currie's Life of Burns of the traveller who was overtaken by the tide of the Solway. He lashed himself to a pole, whence his cries were heard throughout the night; but the hopes which had nerves the arm and pitched the voice of the poor wretch were fallacious. His position could not be ascertained in the darkness; the river rose above his head; and the returning light showed his dead body hanging over the sand.

The frequency of accidents may seem surprising in the case of such regularly-recurring phenomena as the rise and fall of rivers; but the same 'tempting of Providence,' as it is called, takes place in every situation in which human nature is placed. A soldier, for instance, goes into battle with the absolute certainty upon his mind that it will cost the lives of a particular number of hundreds or thousands of men; but he has rarely any suspicion that he himself is to be one of the victims. We always fancy that there is something special in our own case which will shield us from harm; and indeed a recent writer, in speculating upon the subject, has gone so far as to hazard the opinion that no man, under any circumstances whatever, believes himself to be about to die. He may take leave of his friends, and lay down his head upon the pillow; the executioner may adjust the rope about his neck; the waters of a river, 'the deep waste and middle of the night,' may gurgle in his throat and hiss in his ears—but still there is a secret, lurking hope at the bottom of his heart, which flies only with the last breath of life.

The imprudences of men as individuals, are perpetually renewed in their proceedings as aggregate bodies. A village that has been destroyed by the eruption of a volcano is rebuilt on the same spot, as soon as the lava is hard enough to render it practicable. When the inundations of a river have subsided, the inhabitants return to reconstruct their dwellings in the same places whence they had been driven by the rise of the water. In some countries this recklessness arises from the apathy of a religious fatalism. In Bengal, when

its banks are flooded by the Ganges, it is common to see the peasantry calmly smoking on the tops of their huts, which rise like islets out of the waste of waters. If it is the will of the gods that the river is to recede before their frail habitation, built of mud and reeds, crumbles beneath them, it will do so: if not, they must perish—and very often, accordingly, both house and master disappear from the face of the earth before the eyes of the passing boatmen, with no other sound than the gurgle of the water as it devours its unsuspecting prey.

The vagaries of rivers, however, are not confined to the waylaying of an incautious traveller, or the destruction of a hut or a village. Their 'treasure-caves and cells' are filled with the paraphernalia of kings, and whole cities sleep in their tremendous embraces. Nor are the consequences of their permanent recession less terrible. A considerable portion of the valley of the Nile has become a desert, not from the inundations of the stream, but from the disappearance of its fertilising branches. From this cause Memphis sleeps in her grave of sand, with the Pyramids for her monument; and from the river to the Libyan mountains all is solitude and desolation.

The Indus, in like manner, has obliterated the historical footsteps of Alexander the Great as completely as the returning tide effaces the print of a child's gambols upon the sand. Medals are found, to attest his march along the banks, but the towns and cities have disappeared; and here, as in the valley of the Nile, nothing more than names remain, to serve as subjects for the controversies of the learned. This applies to the lower Indus, after the five rivers of the Punjab have united in one vast stream; but even before this junction, we are assured by Lieutenant Wood, in his journey to the Oxus, that the waters in some places, during the season of inundation, are so broad, that 'from a boat in their centre no land can be discovered, save the islands upon the surface, and the mountains upon the western shore!'

The appearance of the river in such places is faintly imaged by that of the Shannon in Ireland, where the voyager threads his way among small green islands, some hardly seen above the surface, and some closing the horizon from view with their waving hay or corn. But in India everything is on a great scale. The boatman wanders for hours out of sight of the mainland, bewildered and lost among the multitude of island-fields, with no sound in his ear to diversify that of the dip of his paddle except the moaning call of the plover. But suddenly a voice salutes him, as if from the deep, and he sweeps past a human being alone in this terrible solitude, and busy in detaching the edible roots of the bulrush, as the speck of land on which he leans is melting away under the action of the current. A larger island, however, is now neared, although little more than level with the water's edge; and from the luxuriant vegetation which covers it, there comes a confused hubbub of sounds, composed of the shouts of men, the screams of women, the yells of children, and the lowing of cattle. A family from the mainland had migrated to this oasis in the watery wilderness in search of pasture for their cattle and bulrushes for themselves. The moment had now come, however, when the island was to be submerged by the rising of the river; and although, like ourselves in our non-adventure in the Severn, they had made their calculations, they are almost too late. The men and women dismantle their reed-built huts in an instant, placing the materials on a raft, while the youths scamper off to collect the cattle. But how is the colony to be conveyed? Where be their luggage-boats and transports? The raft suffices for the inanimate objects; and as for themselves—plunge goes a buffalo into the water, and plunge goes the pilot-herdsman after him, seated on a bundle of dried grass, and holding fast by the animal's tail. The rest of the herd follow the lead, helter-skelter, driven in by the long lances of the young men. These, as well as the older folks, male and

female, fling themselves upon inflated hides, and follow the mad cortége; while the children, propped upon dried gourds, dance like bubbles in their wake. That this is a river peril may well be supposed; but custom renders the natives callous. The passing voyager enjoys the fun, and claps his hands at their headlong hurry and mishaps; while the flying colony, who ate on their way to the next island, reply with Indian Billingsgate, till the two parties, on that seemingly shoreless sea, are out of sight and hearing of each other.

It is not possible to exhaust a subject like this. It would lead us from continent to continent, and from country to country, throughout the whole habitable globe, and the whole world's history. Nothing that romance has invented, nothing that poetry has dreamed, can equal in beauty and sublimity, in interest and excitement, even the every-day history of a river. Yes: but of a river whose phenomena, although always in accordance with the wonderful regularity of nature, are yet sufficiently uncertain in the eyes of man to give scope for his blunders, and offer temptation to his imprudence. There are as few streams in nature as there are characters among the human kind to whom the words of the poet can be applied—

'Though deep, yet clear, though tranquil, yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.'

GOSSIP AND MISCHIEF.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

'Ye wise, secure with bars of brass
The double doors through which we pass;
For once escaped, back to our cell
No art of man can us compel!'

Mrs Barbauld's 'Enigma on Words.'

A word once let fall cannot be brought back by a chariot and six horses.—*Chinese Proverb.*

It was in a pleasant drawing-room, opening on to a lawn and flower-garden, that on a pleasant summer evening some eight or ten friends were assembled to drink tea. There were two maiden ladies of uncertain ages, but very certain fortunes; and Mr and Mrs Jessop—he the chief apothecary of Broomfield, expecting every moment to be 'called out' to relieve some ill that flesh is heir to, and rather fearing of losing his importance should no such catastrophe happen; and yet in his heart knowing very well that he should enjoy a quiet evening and unbroken rubber of whist amazingly. Then there was a retired officer, a middle-aged bachelor, who tortured a flute, and drew from it excruciating shrieks, which, however, he called an accompaniment to the piano. In short, it was just one of those sociable meetings of every-day sort of people which, in a sociable place like Broomfield, are occurring somewhere or other every night in the year. Mr Webster, the host, was the principal attorney of the place, a good sort of man, and strictly honourable in his profession; and his wife was a little bustling body, fond and proud of her husband, and prodigiously jealous of new-comers, who might take away his clients. Indeed so very much interested was she in all things that could aggrandise his fortune, that she was rather distrustful of those happy acquaintances who kept out of law, and could find nothing in which Mr Webster might help them.

Dora Leigh, the youngest of the party, was on intimate terms with all. She was a kind-hearted girl, of one or two-and-twenty, free from care, and full of health and spirits. With deep blue eyes, regular features, and a profusion of rich golden hair, she was almost pretty enough to have set up for a 'belle'; indeed, now that her most intimate friend the beauty of Broomfield had become Mrs Fowler, there were many who were inclined to promote Dora by a sort of brevet rank, until some magnificent candidate should come forward to eclipse her. She had gained, too, some little consequence from officiating as bridesmaid to the coquettish Grace Smythe; and from being, as her intimate associate, most certainly lifted into a higher sphere than

that in which she had moved before; for the portionless beauty had married as the world calls 'well'; that is to say, a man of large fortune, and of good family. But she had married well in a much better sense, Mr Fowler being a high-minded man, and full of generous feelings. He was considerably older than his wife, she being about Dora's age, and he just forty; but a disparity of this sort often proves of very little consequence, when character and tastes are congenial. Perhaps, with a peculiarly sensitive nature like that of Mr Fowler, it had the effect of making him more devoted, more attentive, more thoughtful and watchful over her happiness than a younger husband might have proved; for he felt a sort of gratitude to her for bestowing her young and warm affections on him in preference to some more outwardly attractive rivals. But necessary as it is, this has been a long digression from Mrs Webster's tea-party, where, to own the truth, a sort of gossip was going on, which now and then passed the boundary-line, and merged into scandal.

'A fine house, you know, don't make happiness,' said one of the party; 'and I cannot but think Grace Smythe must have liked some of her younger admirers better than that serious-looking middle-aged man. By the way, I wonder she don't make him dye his hair: I could not but notice at church last Sunday how gray he has grown.'

Dora laughed. The idea of Mr Fowler, the very personification, in her eyes, of truth and intelligence, dyeing his hair, presented itself to her mind as irresistibly ludicrous.

'Why do you laugh?' said one of the maiden ladies, pulling her cap forward by an instinct which thus betrayed the secret she was anxious to keep.

'I was thinking,' replied Dora, 'that if Mr Fowler should stand for Broomfield at the next election, as there is some talk of his doing, and meanwhile were to dye his hair, what a jest it would be in the mouths of his opponents. And as for Grace liking her younger admirers better than Mr Fowler, she would have married one of them if she had.'

'Ah, if she could; but perhaps though they fluttered about her, they did not propose.'

'Indeed but they did; some of them, *I know*,' replied Dora warmly; 'though Grace was much too generous to boast of such things. Besides, she would have had many more offers if she had been heartless enough to lead her admirers on for the mere triumph of refusing them. It is not because people don't talk of their lovers that they have them not; and Grace was one who never made a boast of her conquests.'

'And much to her credit,' chimed in the bachelor major.

Dora's emphatic '*I know*' had impressed her hearers with the conviction that she was entirely in Mrs Fowler's confidence. This was quite true; they had been like sisters from childhood, and had shared with each other the thousand-and-one secrets and mysteries which young girls for the most part create out of the most harmless nothings. In a recent instance, however, this confidence had assumed a graver and less innocent character; for Grace had had the weakness or fondness to betray to her friend a circumstance which her husband had related to her, the concealment of which was conducive to the happiness and peace of mind of more than one individual. It is true that its publicity could not affect the lives, property, or character of the living; but it would be attended with very painful results nevertheless.

'It must be very disagreeable,' said Mrs Jessop, still pursuing the discourse about the absent—it must be very disagreeable to Mr Fowler, I should think, to have her husband's niece constantly residing with them.'

'My dear,' interposed her spouse, 'no other home would be so proper for Miss Danvers, I think.'

'She is very amiable, I believe?' returned the lady interrogatively, and appealing by a look to Dora, who

found herself referred to as an authority, and was not quite insensible to the consequence she had derived.

'Very amiable indeed,' she replied; 'and as clever as she is kind and good.'

'And rich!' exclaimed another. 'They say she will have twenty thousand pounds when she is of age.'

'Not quite so much as that.' And Dora, unconsciously to herself, spoke with the air of one who could give very exact information if she chose.

'I never could understand why my husband was not allowed to make Mrs Danvers' will,' exclaimed the hostess, who was busy at the tea-table, and had alternated a few interjectional remarks on the Fowlers, with inquiries of her guests touching their predilections for green tea or black. 'Mr Webster has made Mr Fowler's own will, and transacted his most private business. The idea of taking his sister up to London in her weak state of health, not three months before her death, and arranging all her affairs with a London lawyer, seemed to me very ridiculous.'

'People little know what a good reason there was for that proceeding,' said Dora in a low voice to Mrs Jessop, who sat next her.

'Indeed! A secret?' responded the lady in a whisper. 'Well, I have heard as much.'

'Have you really?'

'Oh, long ago—I forgot the particulars.'

'Then I must not refresh your memory, though I know all about it,' the thoughtless girl could not forbear adding.

Oh, Dora, Dora! beware the petty pride of boasting that a confidence has been placed in you! You are caught in the net of an artful woman, who laughs in her sleeve to think how easily you are deceived, and who never heard that a word of mystery was attached to Mrs Danvers or her daughter, till your pride of the trust reposed in you betrayed that you were unworthy of it.

'What do you say to a walk in the garden?' exclaimed Mrs Jessop so soon as the tea equipage was removed. The proposition was voted an excellent one. The drawing-room opened to a verandah, whence one step conducted to the refreshing turf and serpentine gravelled paths. Naturally, the party divided into two and threes; some to talk politics, some (of the ladies) to descant on that self-supplying, inexhaustible theme—domestic management; one relating how and why she had given her housemaid warning, and another declaring her cook had got quite the upper hand, believing her mistress would put up with anything, because her 'master' said (oh, rare excellence!) her simple roasts and broils were perfection. One or two of the party perhaps noticed the gorgeous August sunset spreading across the sky its gold and Tyrian dyes, the mighty herald-banner of night and her glittering train. And doubtless the eyes that were uplifted to this contemplation regarded also things more near, and marked how the convolvuli folded themselves to rest, how the shrubs deepened almost to black, and the roses blushed to darker crimson with the deepening twilight. But the pure, and beautiful, and odorous lily-bell was the last and longest to shed around the daylight's fading rays, till in the deep shadow it seemed, like Truth, a self-sustaining light!

Neither regarding sunset nor summer flowers, however, Mrs Jessop contrived a *tête-à-tête* with Dora Leigh, drawing her, as if by accident, into the least attractive and most secluded of the many paths which meandered through Mr Webster's rather extensive grounds. This done, by the old trick—though old tricks are new to the young and unsuspecting—of appearing to be cognisant of all she wished to know, the artful, unprincipled woman succeeded in her object; and Dora Leigh, almost before she was conscious of her weakness, had betrayed the confidence of her dearest friend!

The cold-hearted, narrow-minded scandal-monger gloated over the intelligence she had thus extracted,

just as if the evil or misfortunes of others removed so many of their thorns from her own path; while, day by day, Dora Leigh became more conscious that something was at her heart which robbed it of its serenity—the memory of her fatal error! And this became a haunting Presence, which no sophistry of her own could dispel.

Months had passed away, and the scene was a very different one from Mrs Webster's flower-garden. Dora Leigh was now on a visit to her friend Mrs Fowler, who had requested her society for a month, as the best consolation she could find for the unavoidable absence of her husband, he being on the continent transacting some affairs in which the interests of a political friend were vitally at stake. His niece, Selina Danvers, of course remained at home with Mrs Fowler, who often smiled when she had occasion to play the chaperon to companions so nearly of her own age. A circumstance, however, had occurred which rendered it likely that, so far as Selina was concerned, her matronly duties would soon cease. A very few days after her uncle's departure, Miss Danvers had received an offer of marriage from a gentleman every way worthy of her, and so far as worldly position was concerned, highly eligible for a husband. Handsome, amiable, and intelligent, Arthur Staunton was well calculated to win affection; and the truth was, that Selina was deeply and sincerely attached to him. Moreover, he was heir to a baronetcy, and in present possession of an ample fortune. So very certain was Mrs Fowler of her husband's opinion of him, that she had exercised her matronly authority so far as to sanction his addresses, and permit his frequent, almost daily visits. Of course she had written all these particulars to her husband; and she was delighted to find he approved of her conduct. In one of his letters, however, there occurred these words: 'But rejoiced as I am to hear of such a prospect of happiness for Selina, I wish I had been on the spot; for there is a circumstance which ought to be communicated both to Mr Staunton and his father, and which could be explained verbally far more pleasantly than by letter. You know the sad story to which I allude. However, a few weeks' delay can signify but little, though I feel very uneasy until they know the truth.'

'I wish I could show you your uncle's letter,' said Mrs Fowler to Selina, who had waited with throbbing heart and flushed cheeks to gain some glimmering of its contents; 'but there are some secrets in it,' she added with a forced smile. 'However, he will write to you himself by the next post, and tell you how heartily he rejoices in your prospects.' And in due time the letter arrived, and henceforth Selina felt that it was scarcely possible a cloud could come athwart the horizon of her destiny.

No such arrangement had ever been verbally made; but somehow or other it grew into a habit for young Staunton to ride over to Mr Fowler's, a distance of only three miles, every morning, and offer his attendance on the ladies in their walks or drives, and in fact enter into any project which might be in agitation. And no doubt he felt duly grateful to Mrs Fowler for pursuing the charitable and considerate system of pairing off with Dora Leigh whenever opportunity offered, and leaving him to pay exclusive attention, and enjoy mysterious low-toned *tête-à-têtes* with the lady of his love. That these were not very wearying, may be presumed from the fact, that he seemed to grow every day more and more anxious to take her entirely to himself, and earnestly intreated Mrs Fowler to commence preparations for the wedding, instead of waiting, as she insisted on doing, till her husband's return to England.

But on one eventful morning the usual hour of his coming had passed without Arthur making his appearance; and this, moreover, on an occasion when he had actually made an engagement and appointment to be with them. Selina said little, but moved often to the window; while her sense of hearing, quickened even to a degree of fantasy, imagined the sound of his horse's

hoofs half a dozen times. Mrs Fowler looked at her watch more than once, and with mock gravity railed at the inconstancy of lovers; but her railing was in reality born of that full trust and security which could alone have permitted it. Dora Leigh, on the contrary, said little, but was full of vague apprehensions, which every now and then possessed her, she hardly dared ask herself why.

Presently there was a sound. No fancy now: it was really a horse's gallop; and scarcely had this stopped, when the sonorous peal of the bell proclaimed that it had obeyed some impetuous touch. The next instant the gates were flung open, and hastening towards the house, Arthur threw his reins to the groom, and, all splashed as he was, from choosing a short but bad road, made his way into the presence of the ladies, almost without giving time for a servant's announcement. It was evident at a glance that something terrible had happened, for his countenance bore the expression of intense anguish, and he seemed for a while unable to articulate; and when at last he did speak, in answer to hasty interrogations and exclamations, his words were incoherent. Selina had taken his hand, rather than he having offered his; and, in her anxious questioning, had leaned the other upon his shoulder, and brought her face near to his own. The action seemed to arouse him; and, holding her for a moment at arm's length, he exclaimed, gazing at her as if he would read her very soul—'No, no!—you are in ignorance of the truth. It cannot be that you would have deceived me!'

'Deceived you? Never!' she cried, and perhaps the unwavering light of her clear soft eyes was even more convincing than her words. 'Of what did you suspect me?'

'Perhaps Mr Staunton will give me an interview?' interrupted Mrs Fowler, with as much composure as she could command, for her countenance had assumed a livid hue, and she leant for support on the back of a chair.

Meanwhile Dora Leigh had sunk upon a sofa, and her features seemed almost convulsed with internal agony. But just then no one observed her.

'As you please,' murmured Arthur Staunton, and he followed Mrs Fowler into another room.

'Will you tell me what you mean by deception,' said she after a moment's pause, 'or shall I guess?'

'It will be no guess,' he replied; 'I can see that you know to what I allude.'

'I think I do. But rest assured of two things: first, that Selina is in perfect ignorance of those sad events, a knowledge of which would make her feel shame for the memory of one parent, and pity for that of the other. Only on his deathbed did Captain Danvers confess himself a bigamist; only then did he acknowledge, what the precautionary arrangement of his affairs would almost have announced, that a youthful entanglement with an unworthy object, followed by a secret marriage, had prevented her being legally his wife whom he had wronged from his selfish but absorbing passion, but for whom, for twenty years, he had felt increasing love and devotion. This canker-worm at his heart had laid the seeds, there is little doubt, of the disease which carried him off; and his widow—for so I insist on calling her—never rallied from the shock of that bitter, cruel knowledge. Think you it would have been wise or well to afflict their innocent child by apprising her of the ignominy which attaches to her birth?'

'It is true, then?' murmured Arthur, not heeding the last question, and drooping his head upon his hand: 'I had hoped, even against hope, that the whole story was a fabrication.'

'It is true,' returned Mrs Fowler, 'as you would have been informed, with every detail, before now, had my husband been at home—and he will be at home tomorrow to speak for himself. Meanwhile, you may comprehend my reasons for delaying all preparations for the marriage. But stay and I will show you a letter in which he alludes to his intentions—and fortunately the letter was at hand. 'And now, tell me,' she con-

tinued, 'how have you heard this story, which I believed to be a profound secret?'

'A secret! Why, it is the talk of all Broomfield, and with the most gross exaggerations—exaggerations that make out Mr Fowler to have lent the shield of his protection and sanction to his sister's disgrace during long years, in which Selina lived beneath a roof where infamy was her example.'

An exclamation of agony escaped Mrs Fowler's lips, and she clasped her hands as if in some mental appeal to the Most High. Arthur Staunton proceeded—'I may as well tell you the truth. My father, who, with all his high qualities, is of a most impetuous temper, and whose one weakness is inordinate family pride, has forbidden our union under pain of his lasting displeasure, and has already started for London to meet Mr Fowler there. He knows the hotel at which to find him, and I dread to dream even of the consequences of their interview.'

Horror at this story being the 'talk of Broomfield,' now yielded to the terror of that meeting; for Sir William Staunton was in the army, and Mrs Fowler had reason to know that he entertained those impious and ridiculous notions which too often belong to what is falsely called 'the code of honour.' For a little while she was stunned by the anguish of her mind; but presently it seemed strung up to a supernatural power of exertion. She sought Dora Leigh to ask her sympathy, and perhaps even her advice, though utterly unsuspecting that this sorrow had come upon them from her weakness and want of good faith. But with all Dora's faults, meanness and moral cowardice were not among them, and she was prepared to confess her error, even before her changing check and trembling form betrayed it.

What a distressing, humiliating scene was that which followed between those two dear friends! And Dora Leigh was most overpowered, because no word of reproach escaped from Mrs Fowler. She felt she could have crawled in the dust before her.

'Dora, I am more to blame than you are,' she exclaimed through her tears, for tears had now come to her relief—'I betrayed the trust of my husband; you have only been false to friendship.'

'Bless you for your mercy!' returned the other; 'but something must be done. I will go up to London directly—this very day—will see Mr Fowler, confess my fault, appease his wrath before he returns home—before you see him.'

'No,' said Mrs Fowler, 'not that; for I will go with you. I had thought of this before: I will take my husband's letter, and at any rate prove to Sir William there was no intention that he should be deceived. Alas! my husband, if once insulted by suspicion, may be too proud to defend himself.'

During this interview Arthur Staunton had found his way again to Selina's side. He was in a calmer temper, and full of love and trust; but he evaded an answer to her anxious questioning. He would not for worlds have been the one to let in the sorrowful knowledge to her heart. Her dismay was great when she found Mrs Fowler and Dora preparing for their sudden journey; a journey evidently occasioned by the mystery in which she was not permitted to participate. Yet she felt that, whatever it was, she was surrounded by those who loved her; and she strove to find comfort in Mrs Fowler's assurance, that 'her uncle would explain everything to her.'

It was evening: in a private well-lighted drawing-room of one of London's palace-like hotels stood two individuals, for the visitor had refused to be seated, and the other, though under the dominion of aroused passions, was by habit too much of a gentleman to return to his chair. He was also much too gentlemanly to enter upon a noisy vulgar quarrel; and whatever their discourse had been, it had not been heard beyond the room. But a painter who had studied the expression of human emotions would have interpreted the feelings which were at work.

Suddenly the door opened, and Mrs Fowler was announced, followed as we know by Dora Leigh. Her first impulse, after so long a separation, was to rush into her husband's arms, forgetting for a moment, in the joy of seeing him, both her fault and her sorrow. But men are rarely such creatures of impulse as we are; and Mr Fowler was by no means so oblivious. But in extenuation of his harshness, we must remember that his proud sensitive nature was writhing under the knowledge, just received, that she had betrayed his confidence. He stretched forth his arm rigidly to prevent her nearer approach, exclaiming, 'Stay, stay; your unexpected presence here convinces me that explanations are indeed necessary.'

The wretched and rebuked wife slid, as it were, into a chair, for her limbs refused their support. And as she leaned upon its arm, large silent tears of agony coursed down her cheek. They might have been unobserved by her husband, though not by Sir William Stanton, whose impetuous temper had been somewhat relieved by its first outbreak. Perhaps his son could have named a second weakness of character—for certainly some people might have thought his soldierly gallantry and devotion to the gentler sex bordered on one. He had often been heard to say he would rather oppose a charge of cavalry than have to refuse the request of a weeping woman. Dora Leigh had remained standing; and now, with courtier-like civility, Sir William drew forward a chair. She, however, declined to be seated; and approaching Mrs Fowler, took her hand—the hand which grasped her husband's letter—and holding it, as if by that affectionate clasp strength was given and received, commenced, in a clear though trembling voice, the history of the betrayal. She attempted no extenuation of herself; but two men of the world were able, from that very candour, to perceive that her fault had not been deliberate; and that she had been in a great measure the dupe of a heartless gossip. She shed no tears until she spoke of Mrs Fowler, and even then she tried to drive them back as hindrances to her speech. But she grew eloquent from the very intensity of her feelings; and when she thought a look of Mr Fowler meant that his wife's conduct was inexcusable, she exclaimed, 'Blame me—blame me as much as you will; but forgive and pity her. Remember we have been as with one heart and mind from babyhood—the habit of a life is not to be easily broken. One year ago I should have been wronged—yes, wronged, for friendship has its rights—by her hiding a care from me; and though I know and feel that now she is bound by a higher and dearer duty still, it was a knowledge not to be recognised at once. Mr Fowler, she betrayed your confidence in the early days of her marriage, before she had grown used to do without my sympathy—before she thoroughly knew the duties of a wife. You must forgive her, indeed you must; and not only forgive her, but confide in her if possible more than ever.'

Mr Fowler passed his hand across his eyes; and whether he felt compelled to obey the authority Dora assumed, or that his own heart was pleading, he hardly knew himself. It is enough that he found himself, by some strange magnetism, by the side of his wife, with an arm round her waist and her head on his shoulder.

'And the innocent,' continued Dora, approaching Sir William—'is the innocent Selina alone to suffer?'

He did not answer for a moment; there was a struggle still going on in his heart, but presently he approached Mr Fowler, and holding out his hand, exclaimed, 'Let all our bitter words be forgotten, and let our union defy the malice of the Broomfield gossip.'

A warm and cordial grasp was the best reply. 'And Selina,' murmured Mrs Fowler; 'can we still keep this tragic story from her?'

'I fear not,' replied her husband with a sigh.

'It has been a bitter lesson,' sobbed Dora.

'May all wives profit by it!' said Mrs Fowler, looking fondly and pleadingly at her husband: 'it is but half a marriage without perfect confidence. Trust the wife

who loves you better and better every day, who has lost all girlish awe of your superiority, who has learned to pour out her own giddy heart before you: trust her, it was the childish bride who betrayed you. Trust me—trust me for the future: you must promise?'

And notwithstanding the past, he did so promise.

Fears lest the exaggerated story should reach Selina's ears abruptly, induced her best friends to break to her the exact truth; but the shock to her mind was such, that it delayed her marriage some months. And perhaps, to the kindly hearts and really generous natures of the two 'culprits,' no punishment could have been so severe as witnessing the sufferings of a dear friend brought on by their thoughtless words.

INTEMPERATE ABUSE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Our attention has been directed to a controversy, unpleasant in its features and useless in its tendency, on the subject of temperance, in a provincial print. Certain severe strictures by a correspondent on the alleged intemperance of a particular town appear to have excited the ire of the general inhabitants, and led to an indignant denial of the specific charges, which, without any bad intention, had been somewhat recklessly and imprudently made. The occurrence of this circumstance, unfortunately not new in the history of the temperance movement, induces us to point out the impropriety of all kinds of severity in attempts to remedy either individual or social imperfections.

The whole history of mankind, we believe, affords no instance of a vice or folly of any kind being eradicated by direct and severe attack. The vengeance of the law, and the scolding of the wise and virtuous, are equally powerless in winning from error. This was signally manifested in the case of witchcraft, which, in defiance of every severity and reproof, continued to be believed and pretended to be practised by large masses of people. The superstition, in point of fact, scarcely lessened in virulence so long as it was exposed to legal pains and penalties; and had the laws against witchcraft not been very properly abolished, witches in all probability would have existed till the present day. How valuable this lesson! Certain death by burning at the stake could not put down witchcraft. Preaching, lecturing, scolding—every available indignity which could be heaped on the heads of the poor wretches—were equally powerless. When, however, in the progress of social improvement, it became the practice to laugh at or disregard the pretensions to witchcraft, witches disappeared, and, except among a few illiterate fanatics, were no more heard of.

Similar instances of the value of forbearance in repressing evil habits and crimes could be produced from the experience of modern times. Harshness in the law is now justly believed to defeat the ends for which laws were made. Nor is this a surprising result of human feelings; all undue severity usually raising a sympathy in the fate of even the most abandoned malefactor. We accept it as one of the most pleasing features of the age, that error is no longer exposed to an unreasoning and vengeful condemnation, but is treated with a calm and humane consideration of circumstances.

To this improvement in general feeling we regret to find a too frequent exception in the members of temperance societies. Our allusion to this circumstance, we trust, will not be misunderstood. To the temperance movement we give the most unqualified approbation, and it is only our sincere respect for the cause that induces us to remonstrate on the unnecessary warmth with which it is occasionally advocated by its proselytes. The world, we can assure them, is not to be overcome by calling names, by scolding, or by any other species of intemperance in language; it may be doubtful, indeed, if abuse does not aggravate the evil, by putting the accused on the defensive, and causing them to raise the counter-cry of sour and affected puritanism. Besides, on what principle of justice or reason has any one

violently to attack the habits of a brother, granting that these are not all that they should be? Interference in such matters, unless as a measure of police, is altogether monstrous, and can never obtain the favourable consideration of any but an inferior order of minds.

What, then, would we recommend to be done? Persuade and enlighten as much as you please, but let it be done gently. Let all reasonable measures be adopted to limit excess in the number of those establishments whence the means of intemperance are procured. But cease every kind of railing and abuse, whether against habitual tipplers, or those who professionally supply them with liquors. Above all, keep in view that one kind of indulgence may always be best extirpated by the substitution of another. A disease has to be cured: in the language of medicine, *raise a counter-irritant*. The manner in which this may be done will at once suggest itself. Place within the reach of all, the means of harmless and cheerful recreation. What are these means? They consist of reading-rooms, popular lectures, books, concerts, public parks, and salubrious and comfortable houses. Fastidious persons, who find fault with everything, are alarmed lest such aids as these should advance the intellectual without improving the moral qualities of the people. Let them remain quite at their ease in this respect. The principal object to be served by reading-rooms, lectures, and so forth, is the furnishing of harmless for pernicious recreations. The question is not whether people *might* not be better employed if left to themselves, but whether they *will* be. We take a workman just emancipated from his labour in the evening: his home is squalid, or at least confined and dull: he has a craving for some kind of excitement: he meets a companion, and, after a little chat, they adjourn to the public-house, where the brilliancy of the fire, the smiles and gossip of the landlord, and the inspirations of the liquor, make the time pass pleasantly away: in other words, demand for a necessary degree of excitement has led to a pernicious indulgence. Instead of railing at and dragging this unfortunate pair of individuals, we propose never alluding to their debauch, of which perhaps they are already somewhat ashamed. We substitute what they have been all along standing in need of, but never had the sense to express—a means of excitement which, while exhilarating, shall not injure, but probably improve them. Opposite to the public-house, or at least somewhere quite in the way, we establish a reading-room—a table is covered with newspapers, magazines, and books; a cheerful fire blazes in the grate; the place is clean and comfortable, and a dozen respectable men are seated around, each hard at some sort of intellectual feast. There is absolutely virtue in the spectacle: the very thought of whisky in such a place would be almost felt to be a sin. Does any one presume to tell us that this *counter-irritant* would not, in very many cases, draw away and put an end to a foul social disease?

After all, however, great as is our faith in places of public recreation, we incline to think that in a taste for home pleasures lie the means of radically curing intemperance. It has not been by public places of resort of any kind that the higher and middle classes have been improved to their present standard, but by the charms of home, improved dwellings, private reading, and converse. One night lately, we were at a party of about a dozen ladies and gentlemen. After tea there was miscellaneous conversation, people moving about the room at their ease; then there was a little music and dancing; lastly, a slight refection, in which cakes and lemonade predominated. All separated in the best possible spirits: the evening had been spent rationally and most delightfully. There was not a drop of spirits drunk, and yet there was not a teetotaller in the company—the whole thing was but a result of gradually-improved tastes and habits. The same night, as I afterwards learned from the newspapers, there was a party of individuals of a humble class assembled for dancing in a public-house

in a neighbouring street. After dancing they fell to drinking; from drinking they proceeded to fighting; and the police being called in, the whole were lodged in the watch-house. This was bad; but do we groan over it as an incurable evil? No such thing. The fighting party only obeyed their tastes and instincts; and give them time and opportunities of improvement, they will by and by conduct themselves like the other party over the way. A century ago, gentlemen and ladies drank, snarled, and fought in taverns. Now, they have no taste for such exploits; they like to sit at home, reading or conversing with their families and friends. Will the working-classes ever be brought to this pitch of refinement? There can be no doubt of it. The mechanic of our own day is superior in many respects to the gentleman of sixty years ago. Education of course has had not a little to do in effecting this change of manners; and when the whole body of the people shall receive the advantages which a broad system of education will confer, they can scarcely fail to exhibit a corresponding advance in their language and ideas. In addition to educational influences, we have now the alliance of women, which the last age had not. Refined female minds, tastes, and habits are operating to advance the whole body politic. Precept may be disregarded; but example, which in this case is fashion, is contagious. Down and down will this spirit of imitation descend, till it leaves the entire mass. Woman's mission, now, for the first time, beginning to be understood, is, however, of too great importance to come in at the conclusion of an article, and we shall leave the subject for treatment on another occasion.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

FRANCE ROBBED OF HER PLANET.

SERIOUS apprehensions are entertained by France that she may be robbed of her planet; a matter which, as immediately concerning the temper of the great nation, also does not very remotely concern the peace of all other and lesser nations. The first alarm on the subject was given by intelligence reaching the Academy that a Sicilian gentleman had seen a planet in the position in which Leverrier's ought to have been, so long ago as 1834. Soon after, it was announced that a Genevan had caught a glimpse of the same stranger in 1836. Finally came letters from England, showing how Mr Adams of Cambridge had pointed out 'the moral (?) certainty' of a planet in that place, long before Leverrier had got sight of it. Professor Airey and Sir John Herschel both state that they received Mr Adams's papers on the subject before hearing anything from Leverrier. Thus it appears that France is considerably disturbed in its claim to this waif or stray of the skies. The consequence has been a dreadful outpouring of wrath through speeches in the Academy and articles in the newspapers, insomuch that even an Englishman's bile has been stirred, and he writes to the *Literary Gazette*, denouncing M. Arago as one whose impudence would claim the invention of printing, of gunpowder, and the discovery of America, if not properly resisted. 'Therefore it is,' says he, 'that I cry in earnest supplication, *Don't let him have the new planet! Don't let him have the new planet!*'

God made the heavens and the earth, and granted man faculties to make a gradual progress in acquainting himself with all the wonders of the system. Every now and then he is permitted to see a little more of the immeasurable region of the Eternal's glories, or to master some natural power which may be of service in promoting the grandest ends of humanity. Discovery might be described as a magnificent religion, revealed in bursts of glory, on the receipt of which men's senses might be expected to be wrapt in fresh and deeper adoration of the Supreme. What, in reality, do we find amongst the priests of this religion? Alas! paltry squabbles as to which of them, poor little emmetts as they are, is entitled to some kind of personal aggrandisement on account of the things vouchsafed to their knowledge. So it happens

that the public, having heard with devout awe of the discovery of a new planet, and being anxious in all humility to obtain further information about it, must wait while these men have, in the first place, a mean fight over their glasses about their own contemptible interests. How does all this humiliate science, and prepare the children of levity for holding it in scorn! Seen in such a light, the men of science must appear to the common people of the world as connected with the Temple of Nature in much the same way as the doorkeepers are with St Paul's—merely collectors of two-pences for a sight.

TRANSIT OF CATTLE.

Steam navigation is acknowledged to have done much for Ireland, Wales, Scotland, and other quarters in the way of cheap and rapid transit of sheep and cattle to market—a speedy and comparatively inexpensive voyage being now often substituted for one of a protracted nature, or for a fatiguing and ruinous journey by land. An additional convenience to the store farmer is in the course of being achieved by railway transit. On this subject we find the following observations in a late number of the *Railway Register*—Mr Hyde Clark reckons the average loss upon all distances by driving, and consequent saving by conveyance on railway, at 5 lbs. per quarter for bullocks, or 20 lbs.; 2 lbs. per quarter, or 8 lbs. for sheep; and $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. per quarter, or 10 lbs. for hogs. This is believed to be a low estimate. Mr H. Handley, M.P., one of the heads of the agricultural interest, calculates the loss on driving from Lincolnshire to London at 8 lbs. in the weight, and 2s. to 3s. in money for sheep. The time for sheep he calculates at eight days for getting up to market, which is equivalent to three or four market days, during which the chances of the market may be much affected. The promoters of the Northern and Eastern Railway, in their prospectus, calculate the loss, on driving a hundred miles, at 40s. for bullocks, and 5s. for sheep. They state the supply of the London market at 150,000 beves, and 1,500,000 sheep per annum, the saving on which, by railway conveyance, they set down at £675,000. The saving might be fairly taken at 40 lbs. for bullocks, 8 lbs. for sheep, and 20 lbs. for swine; which would give a gross saving of pounds of animal food on the present number conveyed on railways as follows:—On 220,000 cattle, 8,800,000 lbs. of beef; on 1,250,000 sheep, 10,000,000 lbs. of mutton; on 550,000 swine, 11,000,000 lbs. of pork. This would give a total of 29,800,000 lbs. of animal food, economised even at the present moment in the infancy of the railway system.

GUN SAWDUST.

We lately gave a short account of Schonbein's celebrated gun-cotton, the use of which was so likely to supersede in a great measure the employment of gunpowder for blasting and all the ordinary purposes of firearms. From the following letter, which we find in the *Athenaeum*, it would appear that gun-cotton may in its turn be superseded by gun sawdust:

Leeds, Oct. 28.—The gun-cotton is now a topic of conversation in almost every company—in the nobleman's palace, as well as in the labourer's cottage, it is regarded as a wonderful discovery, the applications of which are yet almost lost in darkness. The results of my experiments may be comprised in the discovery of a cheaper, but equally explosive, compound—in common sawdust, and indeed in all woody fibrous vegetable material—by immersion from eight to ten minutes in equal measures of nitric acid, specific gravity 1.5, and of common oil of vitriol. A slight increase of the latter increases the rapidity of combustion. I here enclose you a specimen of prepared common sawdust, with which I have discharged a pocket-pistol, loaded with ball, with a force equal to that of gunpowder; indeed, I should say, weight for weight, it will prove the better projectile. I wish you to try yourself with the specimen enclosed. Put it into a pistol, making sure that it is in

the breech of the pistol: place on the nipple the percussion cap; and you will find, on discharging it, that the force is equal to that of an equal weight of gunpowder.

GEORGE TURNER.

Since the above fell under our notice, we have seen it mentioned that tow and some other articles may in a similar manner be endowed with the explosive properties of gunpowder.

THE BUCHANITES.

SIXTY years ago, Ayrshire and the adjoining parts in the west of Scotland became the theatre of operations of a remarkable religious sect, known generally by the designation of Buchanites, from the name of their foundress, Mrs Buchan. This woman may be described, in brief, as a pretender pretty much resembling an illustrious successor in the same field of enterprise—Joanna Southcote. Like Joanna, she sprang from a humble condition in life; and also, like her, aspired to divine honours. The history of Mrs Buchan is curious, if not instructive, and we propose, from a small volume before us,* to give it the publicity of which it seems not undeserving.

Mrs Buchan was the daughter of John Simpson, a person who kept a small public-house near Banff, where she was born about the year 1738, and named Elspeth. In early life she underwent many privations as a domestic servant among the farmers of the district; and it was only by the kindness of a relation that she learned to sew and read. Circumstances having induced her father to remove to Greenock, she accompanied him thither, and here, greatly to the dishonour of her biography, she contracted idle and depraved habits, and finally trepanned Robert Buchan, a working potter, into an irregular marriage. Buchan appears to have been an industrious man, disposed to do well; but his wife proved the plague of his existence. Having gone to Banff, he there left her with two or three children, to provide for herself and them as she best could. Mrs Buchan now attempted to support herself by teaching children to sew; but this fit of rational employment soon came to an end. She began to neglect both her family and school, in order to carry out the details of a divine apocalypse, charging her with a heavenly mission. This occurred in 1774.

Subsequent events led to the frequent inquiry, whether Mrs Buchan's fancies were the convictions of a disordered mind, or the dishonest pretensions of settled knavery. The explanations of her biographer make it conclusively apparent that she was the victim of her own frenzied delusions. Some time previous to the period in which she put herself forward as a divine personage, she had been a constant attender at private religious meetings, where the warmth of the devotional exercises, and the frequent discussions of certain passages in Scripture, seem to have shaken her weak and ill-balanced mind, and inspired her with the wildest delusions. The woman was, in reality, mad; and in the present day she would, as a matter of course, have been quietly consigned to an asylum for persons in her unhappy condition. Although escaping this fate, Mrs Buchan did not meet with general sympathy in her profanities: the clergy, who had contributed by their prelections to rouse her enthusiasm, now became her enemies; and popular clamour being at the same time raised against her, she found it necessary to remove to Glasgow in 1781.

In the west of Scotland Mrs Buchan was in a more congenial field; yet she did not immediately make known her aspirations, but contented herself in the meanwhile with running after popular preachers in different parts of the country, and confining herself on all occasions to the use of mystical and Scriptural language. One of the persons to whom she disclosed her revelations was a young man, Andrew Innes, who became her first convert; the second, who occupied a higher position, was the Rev. Hugh White, minister of a dissenting congregation in Irvine, at which place Mrs Buchan took up her residence in 1783. Mr

* The Buchanites from First to Last. By Joseph Train. Blackwood and Sons. Edinburgh and London. 1846.

White's adhesion to Mrs Buchan's views gave much satisfaction to many members of the congregation to which he belonged; but others began seriously to find fault with their minister for his conversion to the new-fangled doctrines; and finally, after some investigation, he was dismissed from his living. The adhesion of White to Mrs Buchan's pretensions caused a considerable sensation in the country, for he was reputed a learned and sensible man, and had at one time been a professor of logic in an American university. Among the common people of Ayrshire his conduct was imputed to the effects of diabolical agency; and on sundry occasions Luckie Buchan,* as she was called, was in danger of suffering martyrdom at the hands of the more illiterate of the populace. Escaping to Glasgow, she once more took up her quarters with her unfortunate husband. Here, observes Mr Train, 'she was too much occupied with spiritual concerns to pay any attention to household affairs. She received so many visitors, that her husband was reduced to abject poverty by the extension of her hospitality to crowds of persons who were utter strangers to him.' Having for the second or third time brought her family to ruin, Mrs Buchan accepted an invitation to visit Muthil, in Perthshire, where her crazy exhortations appear to have been in some demand; and this journey she performed chiefly on foot, attended by her faithful Sancho, Andrew Innes. Muthil did not prove a good field, and she returned to Irvine, along with a body of confiding followers. This move was worse and worse. In consequence of the popular commotion, the magistrates were under the necessity of expelling the Buchananites from the town.

What were the precise tenets or ravings for which Luckie Buchan and her followers encountered so much obloquy, is nowhere very clearly stated. We can gather, however, that, in the first place, she professed to enjoy a special and personal connexion with the Deity; second, that she and her believers believed they should not die, but be translated direct to Heaven; third, that her sect should possess a community of goods, and lodge together; and fourth, that the institution of marriage was heretical, or at all events useless to her devout community. It was, we presume, this latter doctrine that principally incurred the wrath of the docile Presbyterians of Ayrshire, and led to the expulsion of the sect from Irvine. This event occurred in May 1784; and now began those rural wanderings which have imparted a species of pictorial interest to the name and history of the Buchananites. On departing from Irvine, Mrs Buchan, attired in a scarlet cloak, and one or two of her higher class of dupes, were seated in a cart, while the remainder of the company, to the number of upwards of forty, followed on foot. Among them were several individuals who had been in respectable circumstances, along with their wives and children; and there were likewise a number of young women, of good character, dressed in the simple garb of peasant maids of the Lowlands of Scotland. Allan Cunningham, in speaking of the journey of these remarkable enthusiasts, mentions that 'Our Lady, as they called Mrs Buchan, rode in front on a white pony, and often halted to lecture them on the loveliness of the land, and to cheer them with food from what she called the Garden of Mercy, and with drink from a large cup called the Comforter.' Such, however, is the description of a poet. Andrew Innes, whose papers furnish Mr Train with his principal materials, presents a less encouraging account of the *regime* of the Buchananites. He describes the company as becoming travel-worn, hungry, and in great straits for lodgings. 'When we could get a few cakes to purchase at a farmhouse, we sat down on a bank of the next stream or rivulet we came to. Our Friend Mother broke the cakes, and gave each a piece; then one of the women followed with a tankard of water, and we handed it round. Thus a piece of oat-cake and a drink of cold water was our common fare: we all shared alike, except Friend Mother, who, after she had divided the bread, *lighted her pipe, and took a smoke of tobacco.*'

Wandering onward by way of Dundonald, Auchinleck,

and New Cumnock—exposed to indignities, prying curiosity, and fatigue during the day, and sleeping in barns and hay-lofts at night—the party reached the borders of Nithsdale in Dumfries-shire, where, greatly to their vexation, one of their members, Mr Hunter, town-clerk of Irvine, was seized by a sheriff officer, who had been despatched with a warrant to bring back the fugitive to his business; and 'several other persons, fearing similar consequences, returned with Mr Hunter to settle their affairs also. The existence of the society being thus threatened by so unexpected a deprivation of its most wealthy and zealous members, it was thought prudent by the wanderers to halt at the first resting-place they could find, there to await the return of their friends who had been separated from them. This was at New Cample, a farm in Nithdale, two miles south of Thornhill [near Closeburn], thirteen miles from the cave where the hunted Covenanters used to conceal themselves to evade pursuit, and which Sir Walter Scott describes as having been occupied by Balfour of Burley.' Being disappointed in the immediate return of Mr Hunter and others, the company felt inclined to settle at New Cample, more especially as Mr Davidson, the farmer, who looked to some advantage from their field labour, put an empty barn at their disposal, and gave them the use of his kitchen. Here, according to Innes, commenced the apostolic life of the community—'all that believed were together, and had all things common.' John Gibson was constituted treasurer, to purchase all that might be required; Janet Grant took care of the clothing; the other women assisted in washing, knitting, and mending stockings; some of the men acted as tailors and shoemakers; and all others found employment suitable to their capacities: idleness was no sin of the Buchananites. While the society generally thus wrought with the hands, it was the peculiar province of Friend Mother and Mr White to work by the head and tongue. Brother Andrew's account of the ménage is beautiful in its simplicity. 'For want of accommodation in the barn, on account of so many visitors, who often kept Friend Mother and Mr White speaking all day, we were obliged to cook our scanty fare in the farmer's kitchen—which oftentimes consisted of potatoes boiled and emptied into a basket, and set on a small table, so that those who were pleased to withdraw from the controversy in the barn might take up one with its skin on, and either dip it in a little salt, or take a bit salt herring to it, or a drop of milk, when that was attainable. But after the first rush of visitors was abated, the barn of course became less crowded; we then cooked there, and got our meals more regular. All sat at the same table, and partook alike of the same food, with the exception of our Friend Mother, who either served those at table herself, or was employed in directing others to do so.' Andrew adds, that the whole slept on beds of heather in the barn; but this arrangement was in time upset, by Mr Davidson requiring the barn for his farm operations; and the society now built a house of a somewhat superior nature, to which they adjourned. 'Buchan Ha', as the country people deridingly called this new establishment, had a floor for beds, to which the ascent was by a ladder, a kitchen with some deal furniture, and a closet appropriated to Mr White. This functionary seems to have been almost constantly occupied in preaching to crowds of inquiring visitors, and expounding to them how Friend Mother was 'the mysterious woman predicted in the Revelation, in whom the light of God was restored to the world, where it had not been since the ascension of Christ, but where it would now continue till the period of translation to the clouds, to meet the Lord at his second coming.' On the inhabitants of the surrounding district, this and other doctrines of the Buchananites made no impression; and at length, outraged by what they considered a scandalous heresy, a large mob attacked Buchan Ha', and endeavoured, by a most unjustifiable degree of violence, to put the society to flight. This, however, with an equally imprudent and abortive attempt of the Presbytery to quell the heresy, did no permanent damage; the persecution only incited to renewed exertions, and a few respectable converts from

* 'Luckie' is an old familiar Scotch term for mother or mistress.

England were added to the community. By way of silencing the enemy, White compiled and published (1783) a work with the following title:—*The Divine Dictionary, or a Treatise indited by Holy Inspiration, containing the Faith and Practice of the People (by the world) called Buchanites, who are actually waiting for the second coming of our Lord, and who believe that they alone shall be translated into the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall be ever with the Lord.* “There appeared a great wonder in heaven—a woman.” Rev. ch. xii. 5. Written by that society.’ This volume, which was a complete jumble of fanatical jargon, might now be ranked as one of the rarest curiosities of literature.

Afraid of tiring our readers, we shall hurry through the concluding scenes of this remarkable drama. Labouring constantly under the impression that the whole were to be raised bodily to heaven, but uncertain as to the time of this apotheosis, they, night and day, looked for a premonitory signal; and with these excited feelings, the hive one night was thrown into an extraordinary commotion. A noise was heard which seemed like a voice from the clouds; all the members instantly started to their feet, shouting a doggerel, which commenced with the words, ‘Oh! hasten translation.’ There was a universal leaping, dancing, and singing. The farmer, astonished at the hubbub, rapped furiously at the door for admission; and being informed that the end of the world was come, when all except those within the house would be destroyed, he became equally excited, and besought Friend Mother to save him with the rest. Friend Mother, however, had discovered that it was a false alarm, and assured the terrified agriculturist that ‘neither he nor any of his friends should suffer damage that night, for she now saw her people were not sufficiently prepared for the mighty change which she intended them to undergo.’ Andrew’s account of this scene is graphic. ‘As the light passed from her countenance, she called for a tobacco pipe, and took a smoke; and as the extraordinary agitation diminished, the people without dispersed quietly. How long the tumult lasted, I was not in a state of mind to collect, but I remember, when daylight appeared, of having seen the floor strewn with watches, gold rings, and a great number of trinkets, which had been, in the moment of expected translation, thrown away by the possessors, as useless in our expected country. We did so because Elijah threw away his mantle when he was, in like manner, about to ascend to heaven. My own watch was of the number: I never saw it more; but I afterwards learned that John Gibson, our treasurer, had collected all the watches and jewellery then thrown away, and sold them in Dumfries.’

This manifestation having failed, as it was conjectured, for want of due preparation, Friend Mother inculcated the necessity of fasting forty days. Without hesitation all obeyed the injunction. The door was bolted, and the windows nailed down and screened, letting in light only sufficient to enable the poor devotees to read; cooking was stopped; and the only allowable sustenance was a little meal, or molasses. The sublime expectations which animated the company indisposed them for food. Andrew, however, observes, that ‘there was sometimes a desire for a little drink, and as Friend Mother was always stepping about among us, she kept a little treacle, mixed with hot water, and allowed to cool, which she gave to any person who was thirsty; but it was very seldom required, except by a blind woman, who lay in bed most of the time; and as she was very deaf, and could not feed by the eye and ear, as the rest of us did, she therefore required some earthly nourishment.’

This fast was the beginning of troubles. Some were almost starved to death, and reduced to the condition of skeletons; and the too-exemplary Andrew was so far gone, that he could not walk across the floor. The absurdity of this, and some other proceedings which came to light, roused a fresh scandal and commotion in Nithsdale. Two or three members left the body, either by the earnest persuasions or legal interference of friends, and things came to that pass that ruin threatened the fraternity. In this pressing juncture, Luckie Buchan and her coadjutor White were not dismayed: they considered the time of

departure from earth had at length arrived, and, accordingly, collecting the remnants of the corps, and animating them with spiritual counsel, all wended their way slowly to the top of Templand Hill, which they ascended before the break of day. A gentleman in the neighbourhood describes as follows the proceedings of the Buchanites on this occasion:—‘I mounted my horse, and left Thorhill about sunrise; and as I was passing the farm of Templand, I was very much surprised at the sound of many voices, in full chorus, suddenly reaching my ears. The melodious strain came from the top of Templand Hill; and the silence of the scene, with the loneliness of the place, gave the music such a wildly-impressive and mysterious effect, that I alighted from my horse, and having tied it to a tree, I ascended the hill to ascertain if those sweet strains were really warbled from earthly lips, when I, to my great surprise, recognised several faces that I had seen at Buchan Ha’, particularly that of Luckie Buchan herself. She was raised nearly her whole length above the crowd by whom she was surrounded, who stood with their faces towards the rising sun, and their arms extended upwards, as if about to clasp the great luminary as he rose above the horizon. On a sudden the music ceased, and being afraid I had been discovered by some of these enthusiasts, I hurried down the hill-side, mounted my horse, and rode on to Brownhill.’ We need hardly add, that the attempt to ascend proved a dead failure, and exposed the Buchanites to the derision of the people. They were seen retracing their steps to their wonted abode, pale, emaciated, and downcast in spirits. Luckie was not unprepared with explanations of this unlooked-for termination of her predictions; but it was remarked that from this day her power over her deluded followers gradually lessened. By a number, particularly those from England, to whom the fast had proved a grievous affliction, she was denounced as an impostor. ‘Many of them having placed all their worldly means at the disposal of the society, now actually became common beggars. Ashamed to return to their homes, they went from door to door throughout the greater part of Scotland, depicting, in unmeasured terms, the darker shades of Luckie Buchan’s character, and detailing the miseries they had brought upon themselves and their families by listening to her irreligious fooleries.’

Passing over some unpleasant details connected with this secession, we come to the period when the authorities expelled the Buchanites from New Cample, in consequence of their failing to give security that they would not become chargeable to the parish. The removal took place in March 1787, and the body, considerably reduced in number, proceeded to Auchinciber, a wild moorland farm of little value in the parish of Urr and stewartry of Kirkcudbright. The lease of this dismal tract of land they had procured through the interposition of their friend Mr Davidson. The struggle of the small and now poor community of Buchanites for subsistence was keen and miserable; and, contrary to their tenets, they were obliged to labour for wages, the women being somewhat celebrated for their skill in spinning. Straitened circumstances did not improve White’s temper, which had been gradually giving way, and on some occasions he came almost to an open rebellion against the rules of the society. Mother Buchan’s declining health and death brought matters to a crisis. She died on the 29th of March 1791; even at the last professing her divine attributes, and exhorting the bystanders to continue steadfast in the doctrines which she had taught them. It might be supposed that her decease in the ordinary course of nature would have opened the eyes of her followers to the falsity of her pretensions. Luckie Buchan, however, had the art to keep alive the delusion, at least for a time. She said that her death would only be temporary and provisional. If the faith of her disciples was pure, without alloy, she would return to life at the end of six days; if they remained still faithless, she would not return to take them to heaven till the end of ten years; if they still were unprepared by faith, she would not reappear till the lapse of fifty years, when she would then, as all events, descend from heaven to convince the faithless world of its error.

In consequence of these promises, much care was taken of the body, which, however, never showed any signs of resuscitation. Meanwhile, White betrayed his true character, which, we regret to say, appears to have been that of a designing and mercenary hypocrite. We may best dismiss him by saying that he broke up the association, and, seducing about thirty individuals to follow him, went to the United States of America, where all were dispersed. A small remnant of the community still clung together, and their history forms not the least interesting chapter in Mr Train's narrative. They removed to Larghill, a dreary waste, and there commenced a fresh struggle for existence: their success, under the most unpromising circumstances, enabled them afterwards to buy a patch of land at Crocketford, where they built several houses—how true, that in the face of all obstacles, 'the hand of the diligent maketh rich!'

At Crocketford the Buchanites died out one after the other, leaving the venerable Andrew Innes and his wife Katie among the last surviving fragments of the society. At length all were gone but Andrew, and the burden of years told him that he soon must follow. There was something deeply affecting in the position and character of this last—as he had been the first—of the Buchanites. Through various difficulties he had been able to preserve the body of Friend Mother, which, in a kind of mummified state, was kept by him in his cottage, and made the object of reverential attention. The 29th of March 1841, the fiftieth anniversary of her decease, was waited for with pious hope in her resurrection. But alas! the day passed over, and the body of his mistress still resolutely maintained its ghastly repose. This singular enthusiast lingered on earth till the early part of 1846, when death in him also took its victim. By his special request, the long-preserved body of Mrs Buchanan was buried with him in the same grave: and thus closes the history of the Buchanites.

In dismissing the subject, we beg to compliment Mr Train, not less on the perspicuity of his narrative, than the good taste with which he has accomplished his somewhat difficult task. We recommend the volume to the careful perusal of those who heedlessly flutter on the boundary between sound religion and the ravings of a disordered imagination.

EXPLORATIONS IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

THE chief objects contemplated in Captain Fremont's second expedition were the discovery of a new pass in the more southerly range of the Rocky Mountains, which might serve as a direct line of road for emigrants to the new countries on the Pacific, and an extensive survey of the Oregon, including the basin of the great Salt Lake, and the valley of the Columbia to Fort Vancouver, and a return, by way of the Sierra Nevada and the highlands of Upper California, to the settled districts on the eastern side of the mountains. During this long journey, comprehending a period of fourteen months, and a distance of 10,000 miles, many places were explored which had never before been visited by civilised men, the descriptions of which present much that is new and interesting. The privations endured and dangers incurred were far greater than had been experienced in the survey of the preceding year. The most fearful risks were encountered in the passage of the Sierra in the midst of winter, and eventually some of the party fell victims to the hostility of the Indians.

In May 1843 Captain Fremont arrived at the little town of Kansas, on the Missouri frontier, where he met Mr Preuss and a band of thirty-nine *voyageurs*, some of whom had accompanied him in the previous journey. They were all armed with carbines, and, the better to defend themselves from enemies, a howitzer was included in the baggage-train. They followed the valley of the Kansas to the head waters of the Arkansas river,

and finding it impossible to cross the mountains in that direction, after several weeks of travel, were compelled to abandon it and take a northward course, when they crossed the range not far from the south pass, which had been their route on the previous year.

Twenty years ago, the immense expanse of western prairies was everywhere covered with countless herds of buffalo; but at the present time these noble animals are only found on a narrow strip of country extending along the eastern base of the mountains from the Platte river to New Mexico. The ordinary destruction of buffalo is prodigious—the American, Hudson's Bay, and other fur companies receive 90,000 robes annually in their trading operations with the Indians. The natives make new lodges or wigwams every year, for the roofs of which buffalo-skins are used; and as there are but four months in the year in which these are in a fit state for dressing, the waste during the other eight months is incalculable. The Camanches, and some kindred tribes, never trade in buffalo-robés; they hunt the animals merely for certain portions of the flesh; all the rest is abandoned with the hide on the prairie. Like the red men, the buffalo are a characteristic of the western country; both will disappear at the advance of civilisation. So alarmed are the Sioux at the rapid decrease, that they have planned a war of extermination on the Crow nation, in whose territories the animals are yet abundant.

A few days' journey on the western slope of the mountains brought the party to a ridge in which occurs the oolitic structure, long wanting to complete the system of North American geology, by a connecting link with the more recent European formations. They were now approaching the great Salt Lake, one of the chief objects of the journey, by the valley of the Bear and Roseau rivers, over which so much of mystery had long hung, accompanied by exaggerated rumour, that they advanced towards it with eager expectation. 'Hitherto,' says Captain Fremont, 'this lake had been seen only by trappers, who were wandering through the country in search of new beaver streams, caring very little for geography: its islands had never been visited; and none were to be found who had entirely made the circuit of its shores. It was generally supposed that it had no visible outlet; but among the trappers, including those in my own camp, were many who believed that somewhere on its surface was a terrible whirlpool, through which its waters found their way to the ocean by some subterranean communication. All these things had made a frequent subject of discussion in our desultory conversations around the fires at night; and my own mind had become tolerably well filled with their indefinite pictures, and insensibly coloured with their romantic descriptions, which, in the pleasure of excitement, I was well disposed to believe, and half expected to realise.'

The party direct their course to an isolated hill, and, climbing to the top, saw beneath their feet 'the waters of the inland sea, stretching in still and solitary grandeur far beyond the limit of our vision. It was one of the great points of the exploration; and as we looked eagerly over the lake, in the first emotions of excited pleasure, I am doubtful if the followers of Balboe felt more enthusiasm when, from the heights of the Andes, they saw for the first time the great western ocean. It was certainly a magnificent object, and a noble terminus to this part of our expedition; and to travellers so long shut up among mountain ranges, a sudden view over the expanse of silent waters had in it something sublime.'

The captain and a few men embarked to visit a distant island, and were exposed to great danger in the transit, as the seams of their India-rubber boat, which were only pasted together, instead of sewn, opened with the action of the water. After much exertion, however, they reached the island, where they remained for the purpose of taking observations until the next day, when they rowed back to their camp, and all broke into a

shout of joy on finding themselves again in shallow water. Five gallons of the water, when boiled, yielded nearly two gallons of salt.

The monotony of travel in the wilderness was frequently relieved by the sight of numerous bands of emigrants journeying on the line of route for the valley of the Columbia. In some instances the exploring party joined company with these little troops, most of whom had some weary tale of sorrow and suffering to tell, confirmed by the occasional sight of a grave on either side of the weary track. Some Shoshonee Indians ride up and invite the captain to visit their village; he followed them with a few others, and relates—“We had approached within something more than a mile of the village, when suddenly a single horseman emerged from it at full speed, followed by another and another in rapid succession, and then party after party poured into the plain, until, when the foremost rider reached us, the whole intervening space was occupied by a mass of horsemen, who came charging down upon us with guns, swords, lances, and bows and arrows. Indians entirely naked, and warriors fully dressed for war, with the long red streamers of their war-bonnets reaching nearly to the ground, all mingled together in the bravery of savage warfare. They had been thrown into a sudden tumult by the appearance of our flag, which, among these people, is regarded as an emblem of hostility. A few words from the chief quieted the excitement; and the whole band, increasing every moment in number, escorted us to their encampment. In a short time we purchased eight horses, for which we gave in exchange blankets, red and blue cloth, beads, knives, tobacco, and the usual other articles of Indian traffic. We obtained from them also a considerable quantity of berries of different kinds, among which service berries were the most abundant; and several kinds of roots and seeds which we could eat with pleasure, as any kind of vegetable food was gratifying to us. I ate here, for the first time, the *kooyah*, or tobacco root (*valeriana edulis*), the principal edible root among the Indians who inhabit the upper waters of the streams on the western side of the mountains. It has a very strong and remarkably peculiar taste and odour, which I can compare to no other vegetable that I am acquainted with, and which to some persons is extremely offensive. It was characterised by Mr Preuss as the most horrid food he had ever put in his mouth; and when, in the evening, one of the chiefs sent his wife to me with a portion she had prepared as a delicacy to regale us, the odour immediately drove him out of the lodge. To others, however, the taste is rather an agreeable one, and I was always afterwards glad when it formed an addition to our scanty meals. It is full of nutriment, and, in its unprepared state, is said by the Indians to have very strong poisonous qualities, of which it is deprived by a peculiar process, being baked in the ground for about two days.”

The party were nearly exhausted with fatigue and hunger when they reached Fort Hall, a station belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company. Here the captain dismissed eleven of his men, who feared to encounter the risks of the coming winter; and, continuing his route, towards the end of October obtained his first view of the Columbia, “the great river on which the course of events for the last half century has been directing attention and conferring fame.” It is described as being 1200 yards in width, with banks which, in common with some other Oregon rivers, are much less fertile than the neighbouring hills. The adventurers followed the course of the stream, and by the middle of November Captain Fremont, with a few men in a canoe, reached Fort Vancouver, thus achieving another of the objects of his journey—the connexion of his survey with that of Commander Wilkes. He speaks highly of his reception by the agent of the Hudson's Bay Company, by whom he was furnished with stores and boats to enable him to return to the main body, who had been left encamped at the *Dalles* of the Columbia.

From this point, having provided provisions and animals for a journey of three months, they started in a south-east direction on the homeward route. After travelling some days through forests rendered still more dreary by the snow, they found themselves unexpectedly on a rocky precipice. “At our feet, more than a thousand feet below, we looked into a green prairie country, in which a beautiful lake, some twenty miles in length, was spread along the foot of the mountains, its shores bordered with green grass. Just then the sun broke out among the clouds, and illuminated the country below, while around us the storm raged fiercely. Not a particle of ice was to be seen on the lake, or snow on its borders, and all was like summer or spring. The glare of the sun in the valley below brightened up our hearts with sudden pleasure, and we made the woods ring with joyful shouts to those behind; and gradually, as each came up, he stopped to enjoy the unexpected scene.”

The pleasant valley was, however, soon passed over, and the party reached the foot of the Sierra Nevada, or Snowy Hills, the most formidable portion of their journey. For a long time they were unable to obtain a guide among the Indians. One old man, with a loud voice, and energetic signs, assured them they would find “rock upon rock—rock upon rock: snow upon snow—snow upon snow: even if you get over the snow,” said he, “you will not be able to get down from the mountains.” He made us, adds Captain Fremont, “the sign of precipices, and showed us how the feet of the horses would slip, and throw them off the narrow trails which led along their sides. Our Chinook, who comprehended even more readily than ourselves, and believed our situation hopeless, covered his head with his blanket, and began to weep and lament. “I wanted to see the whites,” he cried; “I came away from my own people to see the whites, and I wouldn't care to die among them; but here—” and he looked around into the cold night and gloomy forest, and drawing his blanket over his head, began again to lament.”

At last an Indian agreed to guide them to the pass in return for the ample presents offered. Abundant clothing was given to him to enable him to withstand the cold; yet at the end of a few days he slipped away from the encampment after nightfall, and deserted the party. Captain Fremont could only keep up the spirits of the men by reminding them of the perpetual summer valley of the Sacramento on the other side of the mountains. The fatigues encountered in this part of the route were of the severest nature. Such was the depth of the snow, that a party was always kept in advance to level and beat the surface, to render it sufficiently hard for the passage of the animals, many of which perished for want of provender. The voyageurs, however, worked bravely; and at the end of February, after travelling 1000 miles from the *Dalles* of the Columbia, reached the highest ridge of the range, at an elevation of more than 9000 feet. From this point they were gladdened with the sight of the Bay of San Francisco and the fertile valleys of California. The difficulties of the descent were, however, greater than had been anticipated. The howitzer, and a large portion of the baggage, were abandoned; numerous valuable packs were lost on the backs of the animals that fell over the slippery precipices; and many horses and mules were killed to supply food for the daring adventurers. Some of the men became light-headed, and wandering off into the woods, were not recovered for several days. Mr Preuss, who had strayed from the right track, was missing for nearly a week. He kept himself alive by eating ants, and a few roots, which he dug from the rocky ground, and at length rejoined the party in a state of great weakness and exhaustion.

In a few days they arrived at an American settlement on the Rio de los Americanos. Of 104 animals with which they left the Columbia, only thirty-three remained alive. The agreeable climate, with rest and abundant supplies, soon banished the recollection of privations,

and preparations were made for continuing the journey. By the end of March the party were again in motion. 'Our cavalcade,' writes Captain Fremont, 'made a strange and grotesque appearance, and it was impossible to avoid reflecting upon our position and composition in this remote solitude. Within two degrees of the Pacific Ocean; already far south of the latitude of Monterey, and still forced on south by a desert on one hand and a mountain range on the other; guided by a civilised Indian, attended by two wild ones from the Sierra; a Chinook from the Columbia, and our own mixture of American, French, German, all armed; four or five languages heard at once; above a hundred horses and mules, half wild; American, Spanish, and Indian dresses and equipments intermingled—such was our composition. Our march was a sort of procession. Scouts ahead, and on the flanks; a front and rear division; the pack animals, baggage, and horned cattle in the centre; and the whole stretching a quarter of a mile along our dreary path. In this form we journeyed, looking more as though we belonged to Asia than to the United States of America.'

Difficulties of a directly opposite nature to those through which they had already passed here awaited the travellers: the desert was in full view, 'apparently illimitable. A hot mist lay over it to-day, through which it had a white and glistening appearance; here and there a few dry-looking and isolated ridges rising suddenly upon it.'

After travelling for several days in this dreary region, suffering greatly for want of water, the explorers were surprised by the sudden appearance of two Mexicans, one a youth of eleven years of age, belonging to a small party that had set out some days previously to cross the desert. They had been unexpectedly attacked by a band of one hundred Indians, from whom they had escaped, and ridden eighty miles, when they fell in with Captain Fremont's troop; two of which volunteered to go in pursuit of the Indians, and recover, if possible, the horses they had carried off. Starting on the trail, they came up with the robbers on the following day, who received them with a flight of arrows shot from their long bows, one of which passed through Godey's shirt-collar, barely missing the neck: our men fired their rifles upon a steady aim, and rushed in. Two Indians were stretched on the ground, fatally pierced with bullets; the rest fled, except a lad that was captured. The scalps of the fallen were instantly stripped off; but in the process, one of them, who had two balls through his body, sprung to his feet, the blood streaming from his skinned head, with a hideous howl. Large earthen vessels were on the fire, boiling and stewing the horse beef; and several baskets, containing fifty or sixty pairs of moccasins, indicated the presence or expectation of a considerable party. The boy was released; he had given strong evidence of the stoicism, or something else of the savage character, in commencing his breakfast upon a horse's head, as soon as he found he was not to be killed, but only bound as a prisoner. Their object accomplished, our men gathered up all the surviving horses, fifteen in number, returned upon their trail, and rejoined us at our camp in the afternoon of the same day. They had ridden about one hundred miles in the pursuit and return, and all in thirty hours.' This disinterested and daring exploit, while displaying the power of resolution over mere numbers, recalls some of the extraordinary deeds of the age of chivalry.

The next day they arrived at the camping ground where the party of Mexicans had been attacked. Here, to quote the words of the report, 'the dead silence of the place was ominous; and, galloping rapidly up, we found only the corpses of the two men: everything else was gone. They were naked, mutilated, and pierced with arrows. Hernandez had evidently fought, and with desperation. He lay in advance of the willow half-faced tent, which sheltered his family, as if he had come out to meet danger, and to repulse it from that asylum.

One of his hands and both his legs had been cut off. Giacome, who was a large and strong-looking man, was lying in one of the willow shelters, pierced with arrows: of the women no trace could be found, and it was evident they had been carried off captive. A little lapdog, which had belonged to Pablo's mother, remained with the bodies, and was wild with joy at seeing the boy again; he, poor child, was frantic with grief, and filled the air with lamentations for his father and mother. 'Mi padre! Mi madre!' was his incessant cry. When we beheld this pitiable sight, and pictured to ourselves the fate of the two women, carried off by savages so brutal and so loathsome, all compunction for the scalpedalive Indian ceased; and we rejoiced that Carson and Godey had been able to give so useful a lesson to these American Arabs, who lie in wait to murder and plunder the innocent traveller.'

At one part of the desert the travellers passed over a distance of sixty miles without finding a drop of water. Many of the horses were left behind, completely crippled by the hard and heated soil. The Mexican invariably dismounted and cut off their tails and manes, which are used for making saddle-girths, as the last resource to be derived from the worn-out animals. A few days later, Tabéau, one of the most useful and active of the voyageurs, was waylaid and murdered by the Indians; a loss which threw a gloom over the whole party. The dangers all had passed through had served but to attach them more strongly to each other.

In May, after having made a circuit of nearly four thousand miles, the party reached the southern end of the great Salt Lake, whose northern extremity they had explored so many months previously. Arriving on the banks of the Sevier river, it was found unfordable. 'We made here,' writes the captain, 'little boats, or rather rafts, out of bulrushes, and ferried across. These rafts are easily made, and give a good conveyance over a river. The rushes are bound in bundles, and tied hard; the bundles are tied down upon poles as close as they can be pressed, and fashioned like a boat, in being broader in the middle and pointed at the ends. The rushes being tubular and jointed, are light and strong. The raft swims well, and is shoved along by poles, or pushed and pulled by swimmers, or drawn by ropes. On this occasion we used ropes—one at each end—and rapidly drew our little float backwards and forwards from shore to shore.'

The remainder of the journey presented no incidents particularly worthy of notice; the Rocky Mountains were soon after recrossed; and on the last day of July 1844 the adventurers arrived at Kansas, from which town they had started fourteen months previously. Fuentes, the fugitive Mexican, found employment in St Louis, and Pablo, his little companion, was taken into the family of Senator Benton.

Captain Fremont has been again sent out by the American government to make further explorations in the interesting countries already visited. A glance at the map of North America will show the vast extent of ground passed over, and the still more vast regions that remain to be examined. The days of adventure are not over: there is yet abundant work for discoverers, which promises a rich harvest for science, and a valuable contribution to the sum of human knowledge.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

The red pine, near Barrie, and through all the Penetanguishene country, in Western Canada, grows to an enormous size. 'I measured one near Barrie,' says Sir Richard Bonnycastle in his recent work on Canada, 'no less than twenty-six feet in girth, and this was merely a chance one by the wayside. Its height, I think, must have been at least two hundred feet, and it was vigorously healthy. What was its age? It would have made a plank eight feet broad after the bark was stripped off.'

In a paper read before a late meeting of the Statistical Society by Mr Fletcher, it is stated that, during the winter months, eight hundred and ninety tons of coals are used, on

the average, per day, by the metropolitan gas companies, for the manufacture of gas; and that, on the 24th of December, when the day is shortest, seven million cubic feet of gas are consumed in London and the suburbs.

'The skins of all lions killed throughout the regency,' says Captain Kennedy in his 'Journey through Algeria and Tunisia,' 'are sent to the boy, who pays a handsome premium upon each. The flesh is eaten; and, contrary to our expectation, we found it excellent, and made a capital supper upon the ends of the ribs stewed with a little salt and red pepper. It tasted like very young beef, and was neither tough nor strong flavoured.'

Many, and probably all white chalk rocks are the produce of microscopic animalcules, which are, for the most part, quite invisible to the naked eye, possessing calcareous shells, of which more than one million are well preserved in each cubic inch; that is, much more than ten millions in one pound of chalk. The extreme minuteness of these chalk animalcules is strikingly proved by the fact, that, even in the finest levigated whiting, multitudes of them are still present, and may be applied without suffering change to the most varied purposes. Thus, in the chalk coating given to painted chambers, paper, or even glazed visiting-cards, may be seen a pretty mosaic of well-preserved moss-coral animalcules, invisible to the naked eye; and thus our natural vision receives from such a surface the impression of the purest white, little dreaming that it contains the bodies of millions of beings which once enjoyed life—beings of varied and beautiful forms, more or less closely crowded together.

A PORTRAIT.

A large city, in fact, as things now are, is one huge manufactory of foul air—one compact conspiracy against the lungs and lives of its inhabitants. We are doomed to encounter foul air always and everywhere—by day and by night—out of doors and in doors—at every period of our existence—amid the convocations of business, and in the pursuits of pleasure. Out of doors tall chimneys and steam funnels vomit forth dense clouds of smoke; manufacturers emit their noxious vapours; sewers pour through their gallyholes offensive gases; the churchyards and the slaughter-houses contribute their quota of animal exhalations; the streets are reeking with putrefying mud, and the banks of our rivers are thick with filthy deposits. Who, when he recollects all these sources of impurity, can wonder at the dark cloud which hangs over our large cities, and the dense fogs which visit us in the winter months? Who can wonder that disease is busy with us, and that pestilence is never absent? The interior of our houses—our shops—our workshops—our factories, is still worse. The foul air from without is purity itself to that which we encounter within. What with overcrowding, the almost total neglect of ventilation, the use of stoves, the barbarous custom of burning gas in the open air of our buildings, without making any provision for carrying off the poisonous products of combustion, aided and abetted by the national horror of draughts and the national indifference to foul air; what with all these sources of impurity and obstacles to improvement, the air from without (often rendered doubly impure by the barbarous cess-pool dug underneath our houses) becomes in the interior of our buildings nothing more nor less than a subtle and deadly poison. The labouring class, and especially those who follow sedentary occupations in doors, are of course the chief victims of this aerial poison; but no one, from the highest to the lowest, can altogether escape it. We encounter it everywhere—at home in our bedrooms and nurseries, abroad in all our places of resort. We breathe it at private parties, on the invitation of our friends; we purchase it at concerts and theatres; we cannot escape it even at church. Our children are poisoned by it at school; our adults in the prison, the shop, the workshop, the factory; our soldiers in their barracks; our sailors in their ships; our miners in the bowels of the earth. In one word, the chief characteristic of our large towns may be summed up in a short phrase—'Foul air always and everywhere.'—*Dr Guy.*

BIOGRAPHY.

There is no sort of reading more profitable than that of the lives and characters of wise and good men. To find that great lengths have been actually gone in learning and virtue, that high degrees of perfection have been actually attained by men like ourselves, entangled among the infir-

mities, the temptations, the opposition from wicked men, and the other various evils of life—how does this show us to ourselves as utterly inexcusable, if we do not endeavour to emulate the heights we know have been reached by others of our fellow-creatures! Biography, in short, brings us to the most intimate acquaintance with the real characters of the illustrious dead; shows us what they have been, and consequently what we ourselves may be; sets before us the whole character of a person who has made himself conspicuous either by his virtues or vices; shows us how he came first to take a right or wrong turn; how he afterwards proceeded greater and greater lengths; the prospects which invited him to aspire to higher degrees of glory, or the delusions which misled him from his virtue and his peace; the circumstances which raised him to true greatness, or the rocks on which he split and sunk to infamy. And how can we more effectually, or in a more entertaining manner, learn the important lesson—What we ought to pursue, and what to avoid?—*Dignity of Human Nature.*

THE TOAD-FISH OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

A tenant of most of the shores around Sydney is the toad-fish, which looks like a toad elongated into a fish, with a tough, leathery, scaleless skin, and a bloated body, dark-mottled brown above, and white beneath. It is usually about five inches long, and disproportionately broad, but swims very swiftly, and is, for its size, as bold and voracious as the shark. When I said Mr Meredith did not fish with the rod, I might have added that he could not; for the toad-fish, which swarm everywhere, no sooner see anything dropped into the water, than they dart towards it by dozens, and fight among themselves for the honour of swallowing your hook, generally taking the precaution to bite off your line at the same time. This extreme anxiety to be caught might perhaps be pardoned, were the greedy little wretches fit to eat, but they are highly poisonous; and although I should have thought their disgusting appearance sufficient to prevent their being tried, I know one instance at least of their fatal effects—a lady, with whose family I am intimate, died in consequence of eating them. As they thus effectually put a stop to our angling by biting off every hook dropped in the water before any other fish had time to look at it, they especially enjoyed the benefit of the fishing-spear, upon which many hundreds, if not thousands, must have been impaled in succession. This sounds very wantonly cruel, but let no one pronounce it so who is not well acquainted with the toad-fish; from those who are, I fear no reproof. When speared, they directly inflate their leathery skins like a balloon, and eject a stream of liquid from their mouths, with a report as if they had burst. If flung again into the water, however wounded, they instantly swim about, and begin eating; and should one be a little less active than his fellows, they forthwith attack him, and eat him up.—*Mrs Meredith's Notes on New South Wales.*

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Men of genius, in former times, have often languished in obscurity, not because their merits were neglected, but because they were not understood. This, however, can scarcely happen in the present day, in which all sources of useful information are laid open, and in which unparalleled exertions have been made in the higher classes of society to diffuse improvement, and to promote all objects of inquiry which can benefit or enlighten the public. There are other uses, still greater uses, resulting from the communication of general and popular science. By means of it vulgar errors and common prejudices are constantly diminished. It offers new topics for conversation, and new interests in life. In solitude, it affords subjects for contemplation, and for an active exercise of the understanding; and in cities, it assists the cause of morality and religion, by preventing the increase of gross luxury and indulgence in vicious dissipation. Man is designed for an active being, and his spirit, ever restless, if not employed upon worthy and dignified objects, will often rather engage in mean and low pursuits, than suffer the tedious and listless feelings connected with indolence; and knowledge is no less necessary in strengthening the mind, than in preserving the purity of the affections and the heart.—*Sir Humphrey Davy.*